

A NIGHT WITH JACKSON.

Reminiscences of the Confederate Leader After the Bloody Battle of Fredericksburg.

Philadelphia Times. While serving on Stonewall Jackson's staff I sometimes shared with him the shelter of his tent, and it was my good fortune to do so on the night of the battle of Fredericksburg, when some little incidents occurred which, though trifling in themselves, were so characteristic of the general's considerate kindness that perhaps on that account, they deserve to be recorded. After the fight was over, when

When the night cloud had lowered and the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky. We were riding together near Hamilton's Crossing, on the right of our line, when he turned to me and said: "Colonel, as this has been a fatiguing day, and you must be tired, I think you had better return to camp, get your supper and go to bed, for we are likely to have a very busy day tomorrow." The advice was timely and good to be neglected; so with a grateful appreciation of his fitness I thanked him for the suggestion, and promptly turned my horse's head towards the camp, where was about a mile from the crossing, whereupon he added, as a parting injunction: "Be sure and tell Jim to make you comfortable in my tent to-night and not to wait for me. If wanted, I shall probably be at the army headquarters."

Jim was the general's body servant and faithful factotum, as such identified with him in his campaigns as was the "Old Sorrel" which his name or always rode in battle, and which by the way, was as little like the Scriptural war horse described in Job as the general himself resembled the classical representations of Mars in Hebrew mythology.

The servant and "Old Sorrel" being about the same color—each having the hue of gingerbread, without any of its spiciness—their respective characters were in a concatenation accordingly. For they were equally obedient, patient, easy-going and reliable; not given to devious courses nor designing tricks; more servicable than showy, and, altogether, as sober-sided a pair of subordinates as any Presbyterian elder with plain tastes and a practical turn need desire to have about him. Both man and horse seemed to understand their master thoroughly, and rarely failed to come up fully to all his requirements. So that when I told Jim that his master said he must make me comfortable for the night, I knew very well that nothing further need be urged to impress him with the comprehensiveness of the order, which he would be sure to look upon as limited only by the resources of the camp and his own capacity as a caterer. Consequently in due time, a substantial supper was served to which full justice was done, as I had eaten nothing since daylight, and soon thereafter I was sound asleep on the general's pallet, which appeared to have a couchlike capability of accommodation when Jim, "On hospitable" thoughts intent, proceeded, as he said, to "widen it out for to make it more fit for two."

IN TENT WITH JACKSON.

About midnight I was awakened by the entrance of the General, who had been, as I learned afterwards, at General Lee's headquarters, but I did not let him know that he had disturbed me, as that would have worried him. Lighting a candle and laying aside his great coat, sword, etc., he opened the draft of the little sheet-iron stove that warmed the Sibley tent, and seating himself at the table read for awhile in his well-worn Testament; then, kneeling reverently down, he "bowed himself in prayer." When through with his devotions he drew off his boots, put on a pair of slippers and quietly lying down by my side fell fast asleep almost immediately. By this time I was too wide awake to follow his example. My thoughts reverting to the terrible scenes of the preceding day would not be controlled and I could not recall them from the bloody battle field close by, where the dreadful drama had been enacted and where there were then lying so many thousands of brave men, who

"had sunk on the ground overcome by the weight of sleep and the wounded to die."

I thought of the magnificent spectacle of the morning before, when "the rolling mists" began to rise from the river and revealed "the grand Army of the Potomac," with its 125,000 men, superbly armed and equipped, as if on the open plain before us, "in all the pomp and pride and circumstances of war"—one of the grandest sights ever beheld on the continent. I thought of the splendid advance of its triple lines of battle, marching with the precision of regulars on dress parade, and preserving their alignment perfectly along our front as far as the eye could reach, until coming within point blank range of our position, when with 300 cannon roaring around them and the air filled with the merciless missiles of death—they so gallantly rushed to the charge on the right hand and on the left, and were so remorselessly repulsed by the concentrated fire of the Confederates, which sent them reeling back beyond the river bank to reform their shattered ranks for a fresh assault, while the intervening ground, covered with their killed and wounded, was so torn up by shot and shell that it looked in places as if it had been ploughed. I thought of young Pelham's daring feat—how, dashing forward far into the open field upon the Federal flank, he so raked the advancing lines with the enfilading fire from two pieces of his horse artillery as to compel them to pause and not only confront him with a whole division of infantry, thrown into chaos at right angles with their main lines of battle, but, likewise, to concentrate upon him the fire of four batteries, besides the heavy guns on Stafford Heights; and how, notwithstanding these combined attacks, the boy artillery maintained the unequal duel for more than an hour, and until he was recalled by positive orders from his perilous position. Well might General Lee exclaim as he did to Jackson in regard to Pelham's prowess: "It is inspiring to see such glorious courage in one so young; and well might Jackson say of him, as he did to me that day: 'He's the best artillery, for his age, I ever saw.' I thought of the furious assaults made early in the afternoon upon our right, when, again under cover of a terrible cannonade, "three lines of battle advanced

to the charge, preceded by clouds of skirmishers" and strengthened by ten batteries of field guns upon their flanks; of how they broke through a portion of the Confederate line, forcing two of A. P. Hill's brigades to fall back on their supports and of the temporary confusion which was caused thereby, for our own flank should be turned and our position taken in reverse; of how grandly the lion-hearted Gregg flung himself into the fight that was fast to be his last; of how the staunch old soldier, Jubal Early, came to the rescue, regaining the lost ground and re-establishing our line, and of how the Federals again were finally compelled to seek safety in flight, with a terrible fire of canister and grape made fearful havoc among the fugitives. I thought, too, of the last desperate efforts that were made in the evening upon our left, as described to me by those who saw them when the enemy so intently assaulted Lee's position on the right of the crossing, and where so many gallant men were cruelly sacrificed in vain attempts to achieve an impossibility.

STONEWALL'S OLD HABITS.

Thus the principal events of that momentous day of successive excitements passed in review before me in the order of their occurrence, like the pictures of a moving panorama, with all the horrible details of a battle-field so that, of course, there was no more sleep for me that night. But this was not the case with the general by my side, who was more fortunate. I was glad to see, in securing for himself the benefit of "Tired nature's sweet restorer," which I knew he greatly needed. Jackson, however, had the happy faculty of sleeping when he pleased, of waking when he wanted to do so, and taking naps under circumstances that, certainly, were not calculated to lull the senses in oblivion. For not only did I frequently see him nodding by the camp-fire with his staff laughing and talking around him, and sleeping in the saddle amid the dust, confusion and discomfort of a march, but, likewise, on more than one occasion, when under fire, as was notably the case at Halltown in May '62, when I made a pencil sketch of him as he reclined on the ground against a tree, in the rear of a battery, not more than thirty feet from the guns, and he was slumbering as placidly as an infant in his mother's arms, while the cannon were firing rapidly, and their reports were as loud as "the live thunder" itself.

But to resume the thread of my narrative. It was about 2 o'clock when the general awakened, and he did so suddenly as if by his own volition, at the expiration of the time he had previously allotted for his nap. He got up carefully, making as little noise as possible, for he evidently thought I was still asleep—an impression on his part which I did not think proper to correct.

Relighting the candle he began to write at the table, which stood near the foot of the bed and in a position that enabled me to study his handsome profile, to which, by the way, none of his pictures do justice. After being thus engaged for some little time, he turned toward me, and seeing that the light of the candle shone in my face, he softly arose from his seat and brought a book from the other side of the tent, which he carefully adjusted on the table between the candle and myself, so as to shield my eyes completely from the light. It was a little thing to do, a very little thing, indeed, but at the same time it was sufficient to indicate to me the thoughtful goodness of that great heart of his, which was bold as a lion's and as gentle as a lamb's.

JACKSON AND GREGG.

While I laid there looking at him through my half-closed eyelids I heard some one gallop up to our quarters and inquire of the orderly if the General was in, and presently an aide of General Maxey Gregg was ushered into the tent, who came with a verbal message from his dying chief.

"General," said he, "General Gregg has sent me to say to you that he will be glad to see you before he leaves us. We fear that he will not live until morning, and he wishes to tell you that he regrets having sent you the note he did the day before yesterday, as he has since discovered that you were right and he mistaken. " "Poor fellow!" exclaimed the General, in a tone of deepest feeling; "I feared his wound was mortal; but did not think the end so near. Give my love to him and say that I will see him as soon as I can get there." Whereupon the young officer took his leave, and the General, accompanying him outside, gave orders for Jim to saddle the "Old Sorrel" for him at once. When he returned the tent I took occasion to speak to him to let him know I was awake, and after some little conversation about General Gregg, whom he referred to in emphatic terms of praise, affection and regret, I asked him what was his idea of the situation at the front and whether he thought the attack would be renewed.

"Yes," said he, "and I think upon our part; so I have given orders to strengthen our position there by trenching. Burnside has doubtless discovered by this time that it's useless for him to make any further attempts on the left and left centre of our line, and that his only chance for effecting anything will be to concentrate his force upon our right or near Hamilton's Crossing, making a feint in that direction of his last assault, near Fredericksburg. But, Colonel," he added, as he drew on his boots, "we'll be ready for him, and, with God's help, we'll gain another victory."

MASTER AND MAN.

When he went out to mount his horse there was a somewhat amusing colloquy between himself and Jim, which though characteristic of master and man, showed how the latter failed for once in obedience to orders, and the former likewise, in enforcing his own command. Jim, it seems, had put the saddle on the wrong horse, which caused the General, as he discovered it, to ask him: "Well, what does this mean? Didn't I send you word to saddle the 'Old Sorrel'?" "Yes, sir, you did," said Jim. "Then why have you brought me this animal?" was the next inquiry. "Well, sir, I tell you," said Jim. "You see, sir, when you come back last night it was most midnight, and the 'Old Sorrel' was the dead tired 'cause you'd been a riding of him all day long, that sort of 'promised him some rest before he should be rid again, sir. There, sir, I'm done for, the young sorrel for this time, sir." "But," he replied, "I always prefer to ride the 'Old Sorrel' in battle."

"I know that, sir," responded Jim, "and if there were to be another battle I tell you what I'll do. Soon as I have the first gun go bang I'll fetch the 'Old Sorrel' down to the front for you, sir, and then, you see, sir, he'll be fresh, sir."

That assurance seemed to satisfy the general, as he rode off without further remonstrance. Whereupon, calling Jim into the tent, I asked him what was his master was saying about another battle, and his reply showed that he was by no means deficient in sagacity. "For," said he, "the general, sir, he thinks there's a wine to be another battle here; maybe this morning. But, sir, I don't believe it—'for it stands to reason, sir, that the 'powerful likin' we done give the Yankees yesterday is a wine to last 'em a good long while. Leastwise they won't want any more 'o' that sort to-day. No, sir, they're too smart for that—they that Yankees is, sir."

Jim was right in his prognostication, for though "this morning" disclosed the federalists still drawn upon the plain in full array, and their command, General Burnside, was anxious to renew the engagement, he received no encouragement to do so, it is said, from either his officers or men, and the following morning passed without any demonstration, except some artillery practice to long range and a continual skirmishing of sharpshooters, until a temporary truce was granted to enable the federalists to relieve their wounded on the field, many of whom had been lying for twenty-four hours on the freezing ground where they had fallen, and some poor fellows for two days and nights, unattended from the time that they had been stricken down in the preliminary skirmishing of the day before the memorable battle of December 13, which closed the campaign of 1862.

A. R. BOTELER.

Kit Carson's Grave.

Denver Tribune. "You newspaper fellows don't care what you do so long as you make a thing read well, do you?" remarked an "old-timer" to a Tribune reporter yesterday, at the same time producing a clipping from a newspaper. "Read this," he added, handing the slip to the reporter.

It was an extract from a New Mexico letter to the Boston Herald. This is the way it read: "Taos, New Mexico, was the home of Kit Carson, and the house of the famous scout stands near the plaza. Kit was once on his way home, and within a comparatively short distance of Taos. He had not seen his family, which he loved fondly, for three years. But he was overtaken with a request from the government to bear some very important dispatches to the Pacific coast. So he turned about and started at once. It was four years more before he returned to his family. We went out to the little cemetery, standing in a most desolate spot amid the prosperous grain fields. Kit had requested to be buried beside his wife, and there were the graves of the two in a lot enclosed within a picket fence, painted white and the pickets tipped with black. The grave mounds are two low, scrawny gravel heaps. There are no tombstones, no inscriptions, nothing to tell who lies beneath. It is not known which grave is filled by Kit Carson or which by his wife. The famous frontiersman was a reckless gambler; he squandered away all his money and died penniless, but his public owes it to his memory that his grave should be properly marked and cared for."

"Well," said the reporter, inquiringly, returning the clipping to the gentleman. "Just this: there's no truth in it. It's a clever romance and many places the aesthetic Bostonians, but it's just a little too transparent to go down into here. I'll tell you the true story; Carson's wife was a Mexican woman, and she outlived him several years. He did not die at Taos, as the correspondent says, but at Fort Lyon, on the Arkansas river, in this state. His grave is under a cottonwood tree, where the step man seldom falls. He never was a habitual gambler, either, and lost but little money in that way. He never made much money, but lived a roving life and always divided his pittance, received from the government, with the hungry Mexicans that hung around him. Carson died of consumption after a lingering sickness."

"Then again he was not entirely devoid of the love of his death, but lost some landed interests, besides sheep, horses and cattle, with his life-long friend, Colonel Tom Boggs. They were sold to support and educate his children. The little orphans of the great scout fell into good hands, for right well has Colonel Boggs raised and educated them. The two little girls, now twelve and fourteen years of age, young as they are, have a better education than did their father, who could scarcely write his own name."

**A Baptist Minister's Experience.** "I am a Baptist minister, and before I ever thought of being a clergyman, I graduated in medicine, but left a lucrative practice for my present profession, ten years ago. I was for many years a sufferer from quinsy; 'Thomas Electric Oil' cured me." It was also troubled with hoarseness, and Thomas Electric Oil always relieved me. My wife and child had diphtheria, and "Thomas Electric Oil" cured them. "If taken ten times a cure seven times out of ten. I am confident it is a cure for the most obstinate cold or cough, and if any one will take a small teaspoon and half fill it with the Oil, and then place the end of the spoon in one nostril and draw the Oil out of the spoon into the head by sniffing as hard as they can until the Oil falls over into the throat, and practice that twice a week, I don't care how off his head may be, it will clean it out and cure their catarrh. For deafness and cure it it has done wonders to my certain knowledge. It is the only medicine I have ever felt recommending, and I am very anxious to see it in every place. For I tell you that I would not be without it in my house for any consideration. I am now suffering with a pain like rheumatism in my right limb, and nothing relieves me like Thomas Electric Oil."

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